Sestina on Limb-Lengthening Surgery

John's father was a famous novelist, his mom a musical sensation. In short, John was born with two silver spoons in mouth. A bright boy, he sailed through Harvard, then demonstrated valor in the Horn of Africa. A great career in politics awaited; the only

obstacle was John's stature: he was only five-foot-two, puny as a sapling that lists whichever way the wind blows. For a great price, John secured the services of a short-spoken but skilled cosmetic surgeon, who operated on John's bones to make him taller, so his mouth

could speechify from a loftier place. The mouth of conventional wisdom says that only females are vain, preening in front of crenellated mirror frames, making lengthy shopping lists of perfumes, lipsticks, skirts, and shorts; but masculine vanity is no less great.

My friend Millie, whose voice is apt to grate, but who has pretty eyes and a sweet mouth, helped me see why this is the long-and-short of the matter. She tells me that she only dates boys who are at least five-foot-ten, lest their offspring's height be too modest, too understated.

Where prejudices of this kind are indurated, it's no surprise that male vanity is great. The man I date, the man who tops the list of men in my life, with his honest mouth says that his brothers tower over him only because he is a twin: he has been short

ever since he, together with his short sister, inhabited their mom's trabeculated womb. He regrets his shortness, saying, "If only I were taller...," while the fire in the grate backlights the beauty of his face; his mouth, nose, eyes all vie for which is loveliest

to me. My stammering mouth replies at last, "My patient, John, could have been great if only a complicated surgery hadn't cut his life short."

Jenna Le

Ms. Le is a member of the Class of 2010 at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. This poem won first prize in the 2010 *Pharos* Poetry Competition. Ms. Le's e-mail address is: jenna.le@gmail.com.

